Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue's Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wterched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
flower My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets, sweet
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
above Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Harry *Qu. Mar.* When holy Mary, dide, and my sweet sonne.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
thy. their Rest they vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would *I* hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but *I*?

Dut.

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